



## THE PARTICIPANT

—JONATHAN JOHNSON

The rain begins without my permission  
but I grant the rain my permission to begin.  
The tiniest beads of drizzle find and, for now,  
keep their places on the glass that keeps me dry,  
though I never asked the glass to keep me dry.  
I thank the transmission lines for their places,  
some sagging, some taut, intersecting at the pole  
between me and a ceiling of wet-white cloud  
I invite to cover everything. And cover me.  
Please, wet-white ceiling of cloud  
that covers everything, cover me.